The Boo's Child

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Crona's mother is a witch, meaning he has some magical powers within his body. As such, when her experiments become too much to bear, he uses this magic to transport himself to a different world. He ends up in a spooky forest, and is found by a mysterious green ghost... The remainder of his magic will end up giving both of them a very important gift.

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Introduction
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Lady Bow was fuming, floating her way out of the mansion. 'Bootler, you smothering old buffoon!' She seethed angrily to herself. 'I can take care of myself, blast it! I helped defeat Tubba Blubba! I travelled across the Mushroom Kingdom helping Mario save the Star Spirits and defeat Bowser! What will it take to convince you to stop fretting over every little thing I do?!'

Honestly, the old ghost was just too protective of her! Ever since heard the story about how she, Mario, and the others that joined up with them defeated Bowser, the ghostly butler wouldn't leave her out of his sights. It was as if he was bound and determined to wrap her in so much cotton, figuritively speaking, that she would't so much as be able to move without his help.

Although, then again, she couldn't necessarily blame him for being so protective. Bootler had been there ever since she was a young ghost. Despite her snooty remarks and sassy attitude at times, the specteral servant would always be there for her when she needed him.

But that didn't mean she wasn't steamed at him at the moment.

She sighed and shook her head. She loved him to pieces, but the old codger drove her nuts... Thankful she had managed to get some time to herself, she floated aimlessly around the Forever Forest, clearing her head with a little walk. She wasn't worried about the enemies. She was stronger than she appeared, and most of them fell after a few good slaps.

Not only that, but she had gained a bit of a reputation around the place. So anyone who was smart enough knew to stay away. Sadly there was still the occasional idiot...

She sighed again, she didn't want to think about that right now. As a matter of fact, she didn't want to think about anything at the moment. Right now she just wanted to get her mind off of things and-

Her musings were cut short as a bright flash of light assaulted her senses.

AGH!" She exclaimed, shielding her eyes. "What in the world was THAT?!" She was irritated by the fact that that light had shown up. It hurt her eyes, and caught her off guard. But her annoyance quickly gave way to curiousity... This was something that had NEVER happened in these woods before... Floating in the direction the light had come from, she eventually came to a clearing in the woods. And within that clearing? It looked like...A human child. It was the same species as Mario, except much, MUCH smaller. Bow blinked and tilted her head. The child seemed to be curled in a ball, and appeared to be shaking. Had one of the enemies frightened them...?

The lady of the boos got close to the child and gently placed her stubby arm on his shoulder...But the second she made contact, the boy let out a scream of panic, and suddenly, a blast of light slammed into her, sending her rocketing into a tree, where she promptly splattered into a puddle of ectoplasm on impact.

A groan came from the green goopy puddle before it slowly began to reform into a physical shape. "I LOATHE when that happens..." Bow muttered to herself when she finally returned to...normal...? Wait a second...

Bow looked down to see her body had...CHANGED! She now had arms and legs, like a human! Standing tall, eyes wide, she inspected her body further to find she was wearing an elegant green dress, with a slit going up the right leg.

"What in the world IS THIS?!" Bow panicked. She was an entirely different species now! This was bad! There was no way she could go home now! They wouldn't recognize her and they would kick her out! She had to find a way to be a Boo again!

In her panic, she ended up squeezing her eyes shut and praying to return to her Boo form...and when she opened her eyes...the human parts were gone. Blinking, the little boo floated to a nearby creek and looked into the water. A boo stared back at her. Bow blinked. Frowning, she squeezed her eyes shut and concentrated on the human form...and when she opened her eyes, she had arms and legs again. She switched back and forth between human and boo repeatedly, finally realizing there was nothing wrong with her. She had gained the ability to transform. The child must have some kind of magic in him...

Now curious about her new form, Bow focused on turning back into a human. She then looked into the pond and began to study the appearance of her new form.

The reflection staring back at her had a deathly pale complexion, almost as white as other Boos. That wasn't very surprising, actually; human form or not, she's still a ghost, all. Light green hair fell just below her shoulder blades, while her new bangs framed her face slightly and partially covered her forehead. She was rather thankful her two red bows, tied into her hair just above her ears, were still there. They actually did wonders to enhance the dark emerald orbs that had become her eyes. She also still had her green eye-shadow which, not to be vain, added a touch of erieeness and mystery to her already beautiful appeance.

The dress she was wearing also seemed to sparkle at different angles. From what she felt, oddly enough, was that it was a sleevless turtle-neck that went a third of the way up her own. She had also noticed that she wore a pair of medium heeled red shoes.

Her fan in hand, she struck a few poses to examine her reflection, even adding an extra bump or two to make her new...assets, bounce a bit.

After a short while, she hid a smirk behind her fan at her new body.

'I could get used to this.' She thought smugly.

"Now that's somethin'." Jumping slightly at the new voice (that she wanted to hit for some reason), she turned to where the child was...and saw that he wasn't alone.

"What in the WORLD...?!" Bow exclaimed, jumping back slightly. There was a creature of pure black near the child. It was large, with white markings on it's face...and it appeared to be growing right out of the child's back!

"Keep it down, kid's sleeping." The creature chided in a joking tone. "Well, more like unconscious...He tends to do that after I finish healing his useless a**..."

SLAP!

"Mind your mouth, ruffian!" Bow chided. However, much to her shock and dismay, not only did the creature's head whip to the side, but the child's did as well. He let out a startled yelp, jolting awake and curling into a ball.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I didn't mean it, I won't do it again, I'm sorry..." He apologized profusely, hiding his face.

"By the way, you should probably know that what hurts me hurts him and vice-versa." Ragnarok said calmly.

"That would've been nice to know beforehand." Lady Bow muttered to herself, but not soft enough to not be overheard.

"Yeah, well, it's not like ya had the foresight to ask." The black... demon replied.

"I wasn't talking to you!" The humaniod Boo snapped.

"Then keep your moth shut!"

"Silence!"

Turning to the child that was bowing low to the ground, shaking terribly, Bow was left utterly confused about her current situation.

'Oh dear, how do I deal with this...?' She thought to herself. 'All right, think...Think...What would your friends do in such a situation...?' Her friends were all good people who would probably know how to deal with this child... But her? Oh, she was in a bad spot...

Okay...All she had to do was think back a bit... Wait...There was that one time Watt had gotten a scrape and Sushie had spent a few minutes consoling her...Maybe the same rules would apply here...

Stepping closer to the child and getting on her knees, she held her han out so she could comfort the panicking child.

"Hey, it's okay now." she spoke softly, "You've done nothing wrong."

As her hand made contact with the child's head, the young boy flinched in grim anticipation for the coming pain. When the lady's hand began to gently rub his head, he blinked in confusion.

The child slowly moved his head to look at her. Her eyes widened. He was incredibly tiny, barely up to her human form's knee. He was very thin, his baggy clothes falling loosely around his small frame. He had been bleeding, as evidenced by the fresh wounds surrounding his body. And he was...oh so cute, mainly due to his huge, mournful purple eyes...

The boy was equally taken aback, but for a different reason. Gazing upon him with eyes full of concern and slight shock, was a beautiful woman he had never seen before. While his Aunt Arachne was kinda pretty as well, she didn't seem to care about him. This woman, on the other hand...

"U-um..." He stuttered out. Bow tilted her head slightly in curiosity.

"Yes sweetie?" She prodded gently.

"Um...Wh-who...Who are y-you?"

"Oh!" She giggled a bit at his cute tone, which was what she had allowed at the moment. She was currently trying NOT to snuggle the little one to death. "Silly me. My name is Bow. What's yours?" The young boy hesitated a bit. Something his shadowy partner didn't like.

"What're you stalling for? Introduce yourself already." He snapped midly, eatning him a glare from the humanoid Boo.

"C-Crona!" The toddler yelped, a bit frightened at the demon's tone.

"There ya go. Oh, and by the way, name's Ragnarok." The demon spoke up, but was widely ignored by the now green-haired ghost.

"Crona...That's a lovely name." Bow complimented. "And it fits you so well."

"Thank you..." Crona squeaked softly in response, hiding behind his hands. Ragnarok rolled his eyes in exasperation.

"Do you have to get all flustered over every thing she says, Crona? She complimented you, just be happy for it!" He chided.

"That's quite enough out of you!" Bow scolded. "How can you be so cruel to this poor dear?!"

"Well sorry!" Ragnarok huffed. "Fine, I'll back off for now..." Muttering under his breath, Ragnarok retreated into Crona's body. Bow sighed in relief. Then, reaching over, she gently picked the little boy up so she could get a better look at him.

As she did, she noticed how light he was. 'When was the last time this poor thing has eaten?' She thought sadly. The lady ghost also noticed how well his purple eyes went with his slightky dark pink hair. She inwardly giggled again at how cute he seemed. As she looked upon the child, Crona stared back in confusion.

Why was this lady being so nice to him? His mother never treated him this way. It was so different from how he was 'raised' that it left him utterly bamboozled.

"Are you okay, sweetie?" Bow's voice broke him out of his thoughts.

"I...I..." He stuttered softly. Bow smirked at his demeanour.

"Come now, you can tell me." She ushered gently, stroking his hair.

"...I don't know how to deal with this..." Crona said softly, looking down at the ground.

His response left Bow blinking. "What do you mean by that?"

"I-I just... I've never been treated like this before." He elaborated quietly. "I don't know what to do."

Bow was starting to get the feeling that this childs story wasn't a good one. If her expression was anything to go by, the thoughts of what he might have had to go through weren't pleasant.

"Wow. Get any paler and people might mistake you for a canvas." Came Ragnarok's snide remark.

"Now you listen here..." Bow said angrily.

"Shutting up." Ragnarok replied. Bow scowled, but forced her smile to return. She ran her fingers through Crona's hair, making note of how dirty it was. Frowning deeply, she pulled the little boy in close and gave him a tight hug.

This poor child seemed to have been through so much, that something seemed to well up within her. She didn't know why, but something told her to help this child. It was like a small flame that had been lit within her heart. Deciding to act on it (traveling with the hero of the Mushroom Kingdom can do that to a person), she stood straight and began walking back to the direction of her home, with little Crona in her arms.

Said child looked up to the woman holding him with confusion about his expression. "Um... Miss?"

"Yes, sweetheart?" Bow replied, looking down to the small boy.

"Um... Where are you taking me?" He sqeaked out. Bow answered with a smile.

"I'm taking you to my home." Crona tilted his head in confusion at her answer. "I'm not sure where you came from, but I'm going to help you in any way I can."

Crona looked down. "But...I have to get home...Mother will be angry with me...I don't want mother to be angry with me...She's really scary when she's angry..." Bow noticed he had begun to tear up as he said this. He looked TERRIFIED of some kind of punishment...

"Hey, hey." She said softly. "It's okay. Everything will work out." She was now starting to get the feeling that this child's mother was the cause of his current condition. Working to calm him down, she begins to think about how to help this child. First thing's first though...

"Bootler's gonna love this." Unenthusiasticly.

Meanwhile...

"Where is she?! Are you sure you've checked everywhere?!"

"We're trying our hardest here! Just calm down old man!"

For the past few minutes, a frantic Bootler had noticed his mistress had left, though when and where was unknown. Since then, he had been having every Boo in the mansion searching every last nook and cranny for her.

He was about to panic and call in Mario for a favour, when he heard a knock on the door.

Bow was now in her Boo form. She knew Bootler would panic upon seeing her human form, so she had switched back. And she had also found out firsthand just how light he was. Even in her much smaller Boo form, she was able to carry him in one arm with minimal effort on her part. It was sad how frail and tiny he was...

Crona himself was surprised to see the nice lady change her shape. She had gone from how he met her, to the floating ball she was now. Needless to say it left him quite curious. But he didn't ask; not wanting to make her angry.

The sound of the door opening caught his attention and let out a short gasp. At the door was another floating ball with white har and a moustache.

Said ball was instantly filled with rather frantic relief.

"MY LADY! OH HOW WORRIED I WAS FOR YOUR SAFE-" Bow clapped a hand over Bootler's mouth, looking exasperated.

"Bootler...Why can't you let me mature on my own for ONCE?"

"M-My apologies. It's just that your absence was unexpected and you left no note." The butler responded when his mistress removed her hand and floated inside the house. "I didn't know what to expect. I honestly thought you had gone missing."

Bow let out a sigh. Maybe she should have left a note after all. Probably save herself from a lot of greif when she got back. While everything else transpired, all the other Boos in the room had their gaze fixed on the child in her arms, while said child tried to make himself seem smaller.

An extra curious ghost decided to speak up. "Um, milady?" Bow's attention went straight to him. "I'm just curious, but... who's the kid?" He asked, and Crona tried again to seem smaller.

Bow blinked and looked at Crona. "Ah, yes..." She said, smiling softly at him. "Everyone, I have a very special announcement to make!" She said in an authoriative tone.

Silence fell over the hall before the green ghost spoke up again.

"While taking a stroll through the forest for a breath of fresh air-"

"You wandered through the forest?! Milady, you're not hurt, are-" A rather fierce glare from Bow stopped her butler from saying anything else. Swallowing the sudden nervousness down, he switched gears. "My apologies, madam, please continue.

In short order: Bow dropped her glare, sighed in exasperation, and shook her head, before continuing her announcement.

"As I was saying; as I took a stroll through the forest, this child suddenly appeared." She gestured to the pink haired toddler in her arms. "From what I gathered, his name is Crona, and something, or someone, had managed to hurt him before... well, he somehow escaped his attacker." Many Boos looked to eachother, and started mumuring to one another.

"So, as such," her authoritive tone brought the noise to a halt, "until we figure out what to do with him, he will be staying with us for the time being."

The boos blinked. "Uh...You sure that's a good idea...?" One of them said uneasily. "I mean...Kids...don't tend to like us very much..."

"Yeah, this might not be the BEST place for him to live..."

"Your concerns are valid..." Bow agreed. "However, if we keep him here, his attacker will have a harder time finding him."

You have a point, mistress, but his still stands." Bootler spoke up. "How will he be comortable staying in a mansion full of Boos, especially since he seems very timid?"

This time, Bow gave him a rather mischievous smile; an equally mischievous glint shining in her eye.

"That you don't have to worry about, my dear Bootler, I've got it covered." Everyone currently in the hall were curious and/or interested in what Bow's idea seemed to be.

"Well, lay it on us, Lady Bow." Another Boo spoke up. "What are you gonna do to make him feel safe?"

Giggling as she hid a smirk behind her fan, she floated to the ground to gently place Crona on the ground before floating up again. In the blink of eye, her form was enveloped in a sudden poof of gray smoke.

"M'LADY!" Bootler panicked.

"Oh, calm down!" Bow's voice sounded from the smoke. "Honestly, you'll give yourself an aneurysm fretting like that, even ignoring that you're dead!" The smoke cleared to reveal her human form, a hand on her hip as she gave her butler a disapproving glance. She smirked at the baffled look the other boos sent her. "This child gave me a very special gift, as you can see..."

Wh-wh-wh-wh-wha?" A younger female Boo stammered. "H-h-how did you do that?"

A giggle met her response. "I just said that the child gave me a gift, of sorts. Long story short; a burst of magic from the child gave me the ability to transform." She then brought her arms behind her head and jutted out her chest, making it bounce slightly. "And the results are quite pleasing, as you can see."

"Milady, please do not tempt them in such a way." Bootler said disaprovingly, noticing that a few Boos turned red at Bow's action. Crona simply sat there in silent confusion while Ragnorok giggled perversely, thankfully not being heard. All the while, the lady ghost sighed and hid her mouth behind her fan.

"You're no fun, Bootler." She retorted in faux disapointment, but then grew stern. "Regardless, this forn makes the child more comfortable, from what I can tell, but I will still be looking to you all to help the child feel at home for a while. Which means if I find out ANY of you idiots made him cry while I'm not around, my fan will do the talking. Understood?!"

All Boos in the room gulped before nodding in affermation, knowing full well the punishment for crossing their mistress.

"Man, you guys are whipped." Ragnarok's amused voice sounded out. Said demon appeared from Crona's back just as the resident ghosts (aside from Bow, who scowled in annoyance) began looking around, drawing their attention to him.

"Smokin' hot, and fierce." He continued. "If there aren't any others like her, I'll be disappointed."

"WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE UNDERWHERE IS THAT?!" Bootler exclaimed loudy, slightly startling the demon's host.

"Oh that's right," Bow spoke up tonelessly, after giving Bootler a light tap on the head for his volume, "I forgot. That little nuisance there is a tag-along that's somehow part of Crona."

"Hey!" Ragnarok exclaimed, not quite liking being dissed by the currently hot ghost. "I have a name, ya know. It's Ragnarok. Get it? Got it? Good. So start usin' it!" Bow simply huffed and turned away from the demon sword.

"Ignore him." She said sternly to the other boos. "And refrain from harming him, as DIFFICULT as he makes it." She gave Ragnarok a harsh glare as she said the word 'difficult'. "After all, I found out the hard way that anything that harms Ragnarok will also harm Crona. As much as I'm sure we'll all want to smack him senseless until he learns to keep his big mouth shut, it won't do to harm Crona just to teach Ragnarok a lesson."

The others didn't say anything; they were too busy glaring at Ragnarok. To them, insulting Lady Bow was practially forbidden. Of course, they were kinda biased since they thought of her as beautiful in her normal form and, admittedly, equally so in her new human form.

Hey, she's still a ghost, despite her new human-like appearance. They could tell, somehow, that was still the case.

"Now then..." Bow began. She looked down at Crona, who was looking around at the boos. She didn't see any fear on his face. She saw he was looking curious about them. She smiled. "Does anyone have any questions?"

Silence met her inquiry, which she took as a definite 'no'.

"Good." She said with a pleased smile. "Now, since that's squared away... Boolina!"

At her call, a female Boo, evident by the pinkish hue in form, with a light blush on her cheeks, floated forward. "You called, mistress?" She asked gently. From where he sat, Crona could tell that this one seemed nice. He just hoped it was true.

"I'd like for you to take Crona for a bath and get him cleaned up. The poor thing needs it." Boolina nodded in complience and floated to the young boy.

"Come along, little one. Let's get you clean so the mistress will be happy." While her voice and eyes were gentle, Crona was still nervous. Sure, the lady that found him was nice, but he didn't know about this one. Not liking his hesitation, Ragnarok spoke up.

"Oh for cryin' out loud, kid." He face palmed. "It's just a bath, so why are ya-"

"Ahem."

The demon's pseudo rant was cut off as he looked to Bow, who was looking at him in displeasure. She soon walked over to Crona and gave the boy a light smile.

"It's okay Crona. Boolina's one of the nicest people I know." Despite her reassurance, the child still felt a bit hesitant.

"L-Like you?" He asked meekly.

Bow put an arm to her mouth and giggled. "Oh believe me, Boolina makes me look mean and cruel in comparison." She replied.

"No! You're not mean!" Crona protested, looking horrified at the mere suggestion.

Bow giggled again, before picking up Crona and pulling him into a gentle hug. "You're so sweet, you know that?" She said softly. "And I'm going to do everything it takes to keep it that way." Moved by what she said, Crona felt something warm in side him. It was... strange... different... and it felt, nice. Giving in to the feeling, he subconciously snuggled into Bow's hold, making Boolina and quite a few other Boos let out 'aww's' or very soft squels at such a cute scene.

Bootler himself was smiling a little. Despite his reservations at letting Crona stay here, even he could tell the child was in good hands. 'I wonder if she would be willing to take up the responsiblity if it comes to that.' He thought to himself.

Ragnarok simply let out a soft huff and turned away, not making any comment about what was happening. Deep down, he was a little happy for Crona, having found someone as caring as Bow. Sure, she gave off an air of haughtiness that could make anyone look away, but that didn't mean she didn't have any redeeming qualities... both inside and out. Hey, she was hot, and that's kind of hard to NOT notice.

Still, he was a bit nervous. What if Medusa found out where they were? Crona's magic inherited from her was very limited, so they couldn't be TOO far from her...And if she found out where this mansion was, who knew what she might do the the little ball things?

Bow cleared her throat. "Now then...The little one is filthy. Boolina, please bathe him. Bootler, come with me. I need you to help me set a place for him in my bedroom." Bootler gave a bow.

"Of course, my lady." He replied.

"Oh! Um...Okay..." Boolina blinked as Bow handed the child to her, and she was surprised that he was light enough for her to carry.

As Boolina floated to the bathroom to give Crona a good cleaning, Bow and her butler made their way to her room to clear a space for the child to sleep in. She had ordered some of her servants to fetch a spare matress, blanket, and pillow for him beforehand, not wanting the child to sleep on the floor.

They had arrived and got to work looking for a good spot. Bootler, still having questions on his mind, decided to speak up.

"My lady..." Bow turned her attention to the elder ghost. "I understand you wish to help this child, and I understand why, but I must ask; what will you do if he decides he doesn't wish to leave the mansion?" Bow bit her lip a bit in thought. That was a good question.

Obviously Bootler asked because he wanted to know what she would choose, but that also made her think that he was going to ask several other questions afterwards. Sometimes the old ghost was a bit too curious for his own good. Still, when she thought about it, she could only really see one outcome.

"I guess, if that really is the case, we'll let him stay." She said finally. "After all, if he ends up liking it here, who am I to toss him out?" She mentally prepared her self for the next question he was bound to ask, but was not prepared for him to let out a proud smile.

"I see." She turned to the old ghost at his answer.

"...So you're not worried?" She asked, surprised.

"Not at all. You're taking the biggest step into adulthood possible." He said.

"And what would that be?" Bow asked, quirking her brow. Bootler chuckled.

"Well, that would be telling, wouldn't it?"

Bow pouted slightly; she hated it when he did that. Still, it wouldn't do her any good to get mad about it, so she sighed in resignition.

They found a spot big enough for the matress that the servants brought in and set up the make-shift bed. Bootler was slightly concerned about it but Bow assured him that they could always go shopping tomorrow for proper bed supplies.

Bootler looked at his mistress. She looked so happy and giddy. Her eyes seemed to be sparkling. He put an arm to his mouth to stifle a chuckle. It seemed Lady Bow was completely and irrevocably in love with young Crona, even if she hadn't realized it herself yet.

'You will make a fine mother, my lady.' Bootler thought fondly.

They only had to wait a little while before Boolina entered the room with Crona dressed in make shift pajamas. When Bow had asked the pinkish ghost where the clothes came from the latter had replied that a servant had wanted to take up sewing and got the chance when they heard about Bow's new human form. Since Crona was in the bath and didn't seem to have any other sets of clothing, they had taken spare material to quickly make some temporary sleep wear, hoping to earn Lady Bow's approval.

"And?" Bow questioned.

"When he had Crona try them on, Crona had said they were nice." Boolina replied. Bow then turned her attention to the child standing silently.

"Well, Crona? How do they fit?" She asked, just wanting to make sure.

"They're nice." Crona replied with a small smile, moving his arm. Indeed, the clothes seemed to fit just right. A bit baggy...But my goodness did they look cute on him.

Bow smiled a bit at seeing Crona with his own. It was nice, actually, to the kid smile, despite the supposed abuse he's been through.

Boolina had been excused but not before being tasked with telling the servant who made Crona's sleep wear that Bow will talk to them tomorrow. When the ghost had left, alongside Bootler, Bow and Crona were the only two present and had taken to sitting on the recently added bed.

"So, how was your bath, sweetie?" The lady ghost asked.

"It was nice." The boy replied. "Miss Boolina was really nice to me. She even told me a story about you."

"Did she?" She hid a smug smirk behind her fan when she heard that. Bootler wasn't the only one to hear her story about her travels with Mario and their friends. In fact, Boolina, who already admired Bow for her beauty, and started looking up to her with something akin to hero worship. While she wouldn't take advantage of her servants through that, it didn't stop the swell of pride in her chest that came from being praised. "What did she tell you?"

Crona had launched into the story that Boolina had told him, even though Bow had to correct a detail or two. As they talked, Ragnarok was thinking about what the pink ghost would be like if she had a human form. He imagined a cute teenage girl with the feel of a big

sister playing with young Crona with Bow watching on with a smile. If the demon was honest with himself, he could see that happen.

He just hoped it did.